ert, here Saturday noon as he's making an early getaway for Harbor Hills. "try once more to call up Garry Bliss. He ought to be awake by this time Tell him he needn't come out until the 3:15 tomorrow unless he wants to, but that Mrs. Ellins is counting on him for supper. And if he balks just mention that he's expected to escort Miss Bolton back to town Saturday night."

"Sort of save her up, eh?" says I. "I get you."

So I did it that way, and when Garry finally answers the ring I re-minds him that he's been asked out to the Robert Ellinses and hasn't signified yet whether he'll be there or not. I could hear him yawn over the phone. He's the yawnin' kind. Garry

I expect he thinks it's the clever thing to do.
"Oh, I say now," he drawls. "Spend
Sunday in the suburbs! What a
dreary idea! Why does Bob pick on

me?"
"It's past me. Garry." says I. "Only that's the word he left. Wants you to show up in time for supper." protests Garry. suppose they'll have a lot of their stupid commuting neighbors in, and I shall be bored stiff. Talk about life in Gopher Prairie! Why, that "Oh. bother!"

For of all Mr. Robert's freak friends
I think I care least for this bird.
He's a fat artist, for one thing, and I think I care least for this bitch. He's a fat artist, for one thing, and what right has an artist to be fat? Course, Garry don't make a living by his art. Painting them things he turns out seems to be just a fad of his, an excuse for leading the studio life. Let's see, what is it he calls himself—a Relativist. Not that anybody knows what that is. I don't believe Garry does himself. But I've heard him gas away about it to Mr. Robert, trying to explain why three yellow blobs in a pink fog stands for what some guy by the name of Einstein means when he writes a book. Can you beat that?

Besides, Garry is such a poddy. pop-eyed, posey party; and he talks in that Back Bay Bostonese lingo which always gets my goat when I hear it. Like he had a mouthful of mush, you know. Plays himself for a he-vamp, too. As I remarks before. Huh!

paper bags, eggs messed up with ham and tomatoes, and a salad full of green peopers. And, of course, Mr. Robert had shaken up a couple of rounds for them that wasn't on the wagon. Kind of stiff ones, I judged.



bubble with it, and rests her elbows on the cable as if she was waitin' watch/21. Mayne you don't think it was cird, there in that big dlm dinin' coom, with hy head wrapped up th/t way and all the rest of us holdin'/1r breath and statchin' our necks. Even Mr. Robert, who's about as stodgy a party as you could dig up, is starin' earnest. As far me, I begun wonderin' if there way anything to this thought readin' stult. Could she see in that glass globe wat was goin' on inside our heads? Nine, for in-

on inside our heads? Me. for instance? Gosh! And would she start tellin' it all, sight out 15td? What was I thinkin' of, anyway? And how

ing happens. You could hear folks breathin' heavy, and now and then lettin' out a deep sigh. One or two wiggled in their chairs. Vee got a little nervous and was bitin' her finger nails. As for Garry Bliss, he's gazin' steady at Miss Bolton with his non eves his thick undelin twitch-

pop eyes, his thick undelip twitch-in' like a rabbits nose. All any of us could see of her, though, was her shoulders. They were still and steady at first, but later on they begun liftin' and droppin' as if her breath was

and droppin as if her breath was coming deep and jerky.

I can't say whether that went on for five minutes or fifteen. It seemed a long time. Twice Mrs. Robert had to shoo out a maid who came buttin' in. Some of the women got fidgety. One had to smother her giggles in a souther there is no smither took in smithing the smithing took in smithing the smithing t

napkin. Another took up sniffin'. The end of my nose started to itch. Then all of a sudden Miss Bolton

lets out something that's half way tetween a sob and a groan, snatches off the veil, pushes the purple bubble away from her toward the middle of

"Why, Sally" says Mrs. Robert. "Whatever is the matter?"
But she gets nothing out of Miss

She looked it. In fact, if Mr. Robert

"Not you!" says she. "Don't touch

So Mr. Robert and Vee helped her out of the dinin' room and upstairs.
"By Jove" says Garry. "That was

"Say," I whispers, nudgin' him,

'you wasn't bored as much as you

Somehow the party seems to break up soon after that. Nobody wanted

weird enough, eh?"

expected, were you?"

folded arms.

it sound if it was reported ac-

we waits and waits and noth-



"YOU-YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU ARE ASKING. I-FVE SEEN ENOUGH."

ton, who had been expected to be the life of the party. She just sits there all that I have which is worth send-quiet and dreamy-eyed. Finally Garry, in that penetratin drawl of called it The Purple Bubble. How it called it The Purple Bubble.

"Oh, no!" says she, pleadin." I had not intended to say a word about it. I are in purple ink and the twine in purple ink and the twine in purple ink and the twine wrapped, then look with fear and wrappings are fastened with big gobs of sealin' wax. I lugs it down and wrappings are fastened with big gobs of sealin' wax. I lugs it down and wrappings are fastened with big gobs of sealin' wax. I lugs it down and wrappings are fastened with big gobs of sealin' wax. I lugs it down and wrappings are fastened with big gobs of sealin' wax. I lugs it down and wrappings are fastened with big gobs of sealin' wax. I lugs it down and wrappings are fastened with big gobs of sealin' wax. I lugs it down and wrappings are fastened with big gobs of sealin' wax. I lugs it down and wrappings are fastened with big gobs of sealin' wax. I lugs it down and wrappings are fastened with big gobs of sealin' wax. I lugs it down and wrappings are fastened with big gobs of sealin' wax. I lugs it down and wrappings are fastened with big gobs of sealin' wax. I lugs it down and wrappings are fastened with big gobs of sealin' wax. I lugs it down and wrappings are fastened with big gobs of sealin' wax. I lugs it down and wrappings are fastened with big gobs of sealin' wax. I lugs it down and wrappings are fastened with big gobs of sealin' wax. I lugs it down and wrappings are fastened wrapping

farry, in that penetratin' drawl of his, calls attention to the fact, "Please, won't some one bring Sally Bolton out of her trance," says he. "Reality, I've talked myself hoarse, and all to no effect."

"No wonder, then," says Mr. Robert. "You would put the spell of eilence on any one, Garry. Shall I have him gagged Miss Bolton."

Then she shrugs her stunnin' shoulders and puts over that fascinatin' smile of hers. "I'm sorry if I am more stupid than usual," says wholly on the development of your psychic sense. Being the sevent stool long a story, came to be mine is too long a story, but for nine years it has been in my possession. This much, however, you should know. Many generations ago be! Kut was owned by Shelk liderlim, who ruled over more desert tribes in Arabia than any other man of his day. He ruled wisely and well, and the secret of his wisdom and strength was El Kut. You will find it in the box of wild ass' skin. Whether or not it will be of use to you depends wholly on the development of your psychic sense. Being the sevent "All right, then, Torchy," says Mr. Robert, givin' me the nod.

natin' smile of hers. "I'm sorry if I am more stupid than usual." says she. "I hoped no one would notice it. As a matter of fact, though, I have been in something of a daze ever since morning. I—I've had rather an odd experience."

"Attendez vous! Order in the court!" sings out Garry, rappin' on a finger bowl with his coffee spoon. "Miss Bolton is going to give us a real thrill."

"Oh, no!" says Miss Bolton, draggy.

"All right, then, Torchy," says Mr. Robert, givin' me the nod.

I must say, though, that after all this spooky talk, and hearin' her read this the floor. Garry Bliss tried to help, too, but she pushed him away.

half the night."

"And what about the rest of us?"

Well, that does not matter. I am an ownplains Garry. "Oh, come! Be kind."

"But really." protests Miss Bolton, Kut as you would a rare jewel. See of shiny piters, but finally she mothat it goes wherever you go. And tions me to go ahead.

A SESSION WITH EL KUT By Sewell Ford THE RAMBLER REVIEWS AN OLD STORY ABOUT ANALOSTAN AND ITS PEOPLE

the Island a Hundred Years Ago.

The dred Years Ago.

Concerning Old Ferry Lines—A

Famous Picnic

was even pleased to accompany him on some of his excursions—meaning excursions to interesting places in the District. That Mr. Warden thought well of the lady is indicated by this rather flourishing conclusion to his approach to the lady is indicated by this rather flourishing conclusion to his rather flourishing conclusion. That Mr. Warden thought was forgot it already, that Mr. Warden that Mr. Warden the warden was forgot it already, that Mr. Warden that Mr. Warden thought was forgot it already, that Mr. Warden that Mr. Warden that Mr. Warden that Mr. Warden the grath of the rath Mr. Warden that Mr. Warden that Mr. Warden that Mr. Warden that Mr. Warden the grath of the Rath Mr. Warden that Mr. War Ground.

HIS is still the story of Analostan Island. The Rambler regrets that he has not the time to hunt out that ancestral of yours which, during the American revolution, or in some other remote age, stood embowered in a grove on a tract of 10,000 acres that was a royal warrant from King Charles to the great-great-grandfather of your grandfather. That will come, and then you can cut the article from the paper and send it to those friends who smiled when you told them you were of noble blood.

Some of you yawn as you learn from the headlines that this "ramble" also treats of Analostan Island. Per haps you are saying: "Pshaw! He wrote about that last Sunday," or "I wish he'd change his tune, be I'm tired of Analostan Island." the Rambler has nothing to do with There's a crude sort of brass handle on the top and a trick catch for the The whole Sunday paper is before you.

I do not mean to quarrel with you. to puzzle out.

"Now." says Garry, when we've history that will stand the acid testworked the top loose, "let's see this El Kut thing."

But first Miss Bolton has to pull history that has been handed out to But first Miss Bolton has to pull out a layer or two of w. 1 looked like old curled hair. It smells as musty as it looks. Then comes this round thing wrapped in a faded green veil that ain't any too clean. She unwinds that slow and careful and the next thing we know she's holding up The Purble Bubble, Uncle Cyrus was a good describer, for that's what it was. Something like an oversized Christmas tree decoration. Only it don't seem to be just ordinary glass. You could almost see through it, and yet you couldn't quite. And it's a gorgeous shade of purple. Kind of had the crowd gaspin' as the light from the table candles caught it.

"El Kut!" says Miss Bolton, solemn.

The Little Book
Written by David
Baillie Warden and
Printed in Paris in

Pounded of two Greek words, "koros." country, and "graphien," write, and is set forth as meaning the systematic description of the natural features of a particular region, and especially the identification of places mentioned by ancient writers.

Last week the Rambler told that the little book, with the big title, was on his table. It is still here. Mr. Warden was entertained by Mrs. Custis of Arling
Warden was entertained by Mrs. Custis of Arling
The Little Book

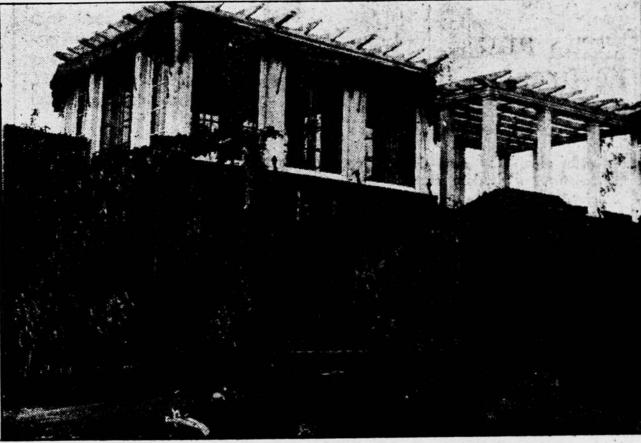
Mrs. Mason biushed and made a curtant was so youthful in appearance "that a stranger might readily suppose her to be the sister of her daughter rather than her mother."

Ah! Dave, that was a fine speech then, but it's old stuff now, even though mothers fall for it just as they did a hundred years ago.

Billy Manogue told the Rambler a few days ago about one of the Analossan Island ferry boats. He said:

1816—Occupants of her relatives and friends and in his dedication chapter he says that she was even pleased to accompany him here sidetrack ar. Warden's little book for a few moderate was even pleased to accompany him ments to tell something about oldon some of his excursions-meaning time ferry boats. You read a few under the management of a well

Printed in Paris in Warden was entertained by Mrs. Custis of Arlingtis, evidently Mrs. Custis of Arlin



coffee, cakes, fresh and preserved fruits were presented to the guests, who sat or walked about, conversing or silently admiring the dancing under the shade of the trees, illuminated by lamps which were half obscured by the bright light of the moon. The summer house is shaded by oak and linden trees, the coolness and tranquility of which invite to contemplation. The refreshing breezes of the Potomac the gentle furging.

of the Potomac, the gentle murmur-ing of its waters against the rocks, the warbling of birds and the mourn-ful aspect of weeping willows inspire a thousand various sensations. What a delicious shade—ducere solicitae incunda oblivia vitae!" jucunda oblivia vitae!"
As the Rambler reads that eloquent
and classic outburst, he thinks Dave meant to say. "Oh, sweet shade of trees, that leadeth one to joyous for-getfulness of life!" You know, it was an old-time custom to throw in a bunch of Latin in a discourse or a letter. It is a habit which men have nat outgrown. Two words of Latin, satis eloquentiae, sapientiae parum, will floor an ordinary man. There was a time when, if a fellow knew two Latin phrases, and knew them wrong, and had never learned anything else, the crowd at the village there or cross-road post efficie made store or cross-road post office made way for him, and maintained respect-ful silence. He could talk Latin, therefore he was a learned man! That



PORCH AT HOLLIN HALL.

years—when girls wore curls and blushed a blush behind a fan if you said there was a good show at the Comique, or a square piano has four legs. Ah! my friends, then chivalry and beauty, with a snuffbox in many a pocket, tripped the light fantastic toe to the merry measures of the stately minust—and, bending low, be

hadn't jumped and caught her I didn't know but she'd have slumped on and me, we didn't swap a word until

\$8,000 for its execution with the guarantee of its duration for the space of two years. If at the expiration of this time there remained fifteen feet depth of water from the Eastern branch to Georgetown they were to receive an additional sum of \$2,000; otherwise to expend from their own funds, for other necessary labors, a sum not exceeding \$3,000. "Whatever is the matter."

But she gets nothing out of Miss Bolton sceept jerky shoulder may about the state of the state

Last week the Ambler of Joavia, a little old book written by Davia, and Statistical History of the District of Columbia, the Seat of the General daviance of the District and Statistical History of the District and Sovernment of the United States, with grave when I had the pleasures with the fragment of the District and with the pleasures of the District and View of the Capitol." Does that word view of the Capitol." Does that word with the made to stay and talk it over. Maybe they stid didn't know what to say. As for Vee and me, we didn't swap a word until after we got home.

Then she asks: "What do you think to stay and talk it over. Maybe they stid of the second of the Columbia Historical Society, read before that society April to stay and talk it over. Maybe they stid of for an elite with the middle of nine children. Twin boys of a healthy mien and the weight of the family of the Capitol." The Bastern branch ferry had its wharf had the weight of the Columbia Historical Society. Tead before that society April to stay and talk it over. Maybe they stid of the family mien and to stay and talk it over. Maybe they stid of the family mien and the middle of the middle of

Inspects Nursing Work For Twelve Countries (Continued from Third Page.)

Cross baby layettes. These have been

blessings indeed to the poor, stricken mothers. They have been provided in large numbers not only to hospitals in such cities as Vienna and Budapest, where they have proved indispensable, but to the Russian refuge. In the sunny square at Ragusa, which is like a bit of Venice, I met a Red is Cross nurse with a quantity of these fresh pink and blue flannel garments in her arms. She was carrying these to the bedsides of two Russian refu-gees. They had nothing with them and he money with which to buy ma-terials. What a boon and comfort they must have proved to be! The need for qualified nurses to meet the widening field of nursing

activities far exceeds the supply. During the past few months the American Nurses' Association, the National League of Nursing Education and the National Organization for Public Health Nursing, with the co-operation and assistance of the American Red Cross have been concerned in organizing a movement to interest young women in entering schools of nursing, and hand in hand with this, making an effort to increase general knowledge on the part of the public in schools of nursing, and the subject of nursing generally. While America is in great need of nurses, the Red Cross in its public health nursing service uses between twelve and fourteen hundred alone. The European countries are calling upon the nursing profession of America to assist in various ways. The opportuni-fies in nursing are vitally interesting and should attract the very highest type of young women toenter the